

MISCELLANY

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
Who shall He slumber, shall He sleep,
Who gave the eye its power to see?
Shall He not hear His children weep,
Who made the ear so wondrously?
God is God; He sees and hears
All their troubles, all their tears.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God's o'er all forever reigns!

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
Who can earth and Heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.
Love Him; He will surely send
Help and joy that never end.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God's o'er all forever reigns!

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
God gently to His bosom takes,
And bids them all His future know.
In His sorrow's swelling flood,
Own His hand who seeks thy good.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God's o'er all forever reigns!

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread with bleeding feet,
A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee Heavenward—lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness,
He will give thee peace and gladness.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God's o'er all forever reigns!

PEG O'SHAUGHNESSY.

[CONCLUDED.]

I found him in a splendidly appointed house, in a fashionable neighborhood, a shriveled, palsied old man, an invalid chained to his seat by his dressing-room fire, while his gay wife fluttered abroad, and scattered the money he had hoarded so grimly. The poor wretch was glad to see me. When I had talked to him awhile I found that there was not a pauper in the streets more utterly friendless than he. He spent his days in a handsome jail, and my lady was as flinty-hearted a keeper as ever turned key on a felon.

Sitting over his fire, with a lamp shaded to so dim a light that we scarcely could see one another's faces, while the carriages rolled past under the windows, and echoes of thundering knocks at gay hall doors reached us, he told me the secrets of his life since we last had met.

I think it was because I saw death plainly written in his miserable face that I listened so tolerantly to his whimpering complaints of Lady Humphrey. Her ill-treatment of him, which he cursed so bitterly, dated back to the day after their marriage, when he discovered that, instead of allying himself with enormous wealth, he had married a penniless adventuress, who was deep in a very slough of debt, and existing upon the brink of exposure and ruin. Never had there been a day of domestic peace between them. She had treated him like a prisoner from the first, taken possession of his money and his keys, and even corrupted faithful Jacko, whom she had pressed into her service. She spent a gay life abroad, while he poor, creature, could hardly crawl across his chamber alone. He was savagely jealous of the people amongst whom she spent her time, the friends and admirers who lounged about the drawing-room; the letters and presents she received tormented him. There was a certain casket, it seemed, which she paraded before his eyes, but of which he had never seen the key. And the poor wretch, brooding in his solitude, panted for a view of the interior of that casket, as though his very life depended on what it might contain.

I sat with him late that night; I promised to come back and see him again, and I did so, always at night, and invariably finding Lucretia from home. In truth, I did not want to see her. The more I heard of her doings, the more horribly strong grew a doubt which had risen within me on the night of my first conversation with Giles Humphrey. It clung to me night and day, and so nearly did it approach conviction at times, that it had like to drive me insane.

I ventured to say to my uncle one evening: "Could it have possible that it was Lady Fitzgibbon who committed the robbery at Ballyhuckmore on that memorable Christmas eve?"

But he stared at me in amazement, and said stupidly: "Why, don't you remember, it was the little O'Shaughnessy who did that piece of business? She told on herself by dropping a bracelet on the step of her door. Little good her ill-gotten gains have done her, I hear, for the old father died wretchedly, the barrack of a castle is given up to the rats, and the wench herself is drifting about, the devil knows where!"

So it was no use talking in this way to Giles Humphrey. Yet I came to see him again and again, hanging about him in the vague hope that something might some day arise between him and his wife which might chance to bring relief to my unhappy state of mind. How bitterly did I

now regret that the matter of the robbery had not been more closely investigated at the time that it occurred! Vain regrets at the end of five weary years!

One evening I went to visit Giles Humphrey. My lady was at the opera, the servant told me. Going upstairs I found my uncle, as usual, alone, but chuckling in ecstasies of ferocious delight. He dangled a bunch of keys before my eyes.

"Hut, nephew!" he said, "I have got her keys! If she is cunning, I am cunning. If she has robbed me, I will rob her. Ha, ha, ha! Lend me your arm till I hobble to yonder closet of hers and see what my lady keeps in her casket."

I tried to prevent him, but I might as well have tried to hold fire in my hands. He would have crawled across the room on all fours if I had not assisted him. He found the casket, fitted with a key, and opened it. The first thing that met my eyes was a bracelet that I knew too well. "This," said I, taking it up, "is the memorable bracelet that was found on the door-step?"

He took it from me, looking stupidly puzzled.

"No," said he, "she had on that bracelet to-night. How is this?" "Stop!" cried I; "did you not tell me that a fellow of that bracelet had been stolen; also a chain of pearls?" I went on, diving further into the recesses of the casket, and drawing out each trinket as I named it. "Also a diamond necklace! Giles Humphrey, how did these come into your wife's possession?"

His jaw dropped, and he stared blankly before him.

"By heavens, you are right!" he mumbled. "Little O'Shaughnessy was wronged. My lady has been the traitor all through!"

I cannot tell you what I thought, nor describe the mixture of ecstasy and agony that racked me for the next few moments. I was roused from my reverie by a shriek from Giles Humphrey. He had found some letters for which it seems he had been looking, and he was foaming at the mouth.

At the same moment that I heard his shriek, there was a sound in the adjoining chamber; immediately the door flew open, and Lady Humphrey herself appeared.

It was the first time I had seen her face to face since the olden times. She was regally dressed, and handsomer than ever, but with a coarser, bolder beauty. She had just returned from the opera. So intensely interested had we been in our occupation, that we had not heard the stopping of the carriage, nor the knock at the hall door. What she might have said, or what she might have done, I know not, but the frown had not time to darken on her face, before her miserable husband staggered towards her, flung the crumpled letter, which he held, in her face, and fell down at her feet in a fit.

I lifted him upon his bed, and, ringing loudly, despatched a messenger for a doctor. Then the wicked wife and I stood looking at one another across the dying man, whilst he chafed his hands, and did what we could to help him. Even at that moment I could not refrain from accusing her. She saw the jewels lying scattered on the floor, and was prepared for an attack.

"Lady Humphrey," I said, "in the name of Heaven, and in the presence of death, I conjure you to tell me truly if it were you who committed the robbery at Ballyhuckmore Hall five years ago?"

"Ay," said she, hardly, looking straight at me across the bed. "It was I who did it, certainly. If you had had the sense to ask me the question four years ago, after my marriage with him," indicating her prostrate husband, "I should have told you the truth as freely as I tell it to you now. I wanted money at that time, and I took it."

"And threw the blame upon another?" I said.

She shrugged her shoulders. "One must do something," she said. "It would have been inconvenient to me just then to have had it known."

"But in the name of Heaven," I said, "explain. Was it you who conferred with Jacko in the passage? Then the black gown—the pocket-handkerchief—?"

She lifted her eyebrows, and smiled in derision.

"Fool!" she said. "As if one woman could not imitate another's dress for five minutes if it suited her purpose to do so. As if one woman could not pick up another's pocket-handkerchief and drop it again if she so fancied!"

My story, Tom, is nearly ended now. It only remains for me to tell you how I sought for Peg, and how I found her. For a whole year I searched in vain, discovering no clew to her whereabouts. Castle Shaughnessy was deserted, and no one knew whether Sir Pierce's daughter was living or dead. The poor people round her old home cried when they spoke of her, but only knew she had gone "abroad." Information bitterly vague. "Abroad" might mean anywhere over the wide, wide world.

The December of the year of my search I spent in Paris, wandering day and night through its open streets and hidden purlieus, seeking eagerly for a glimpse of that one face which my eyes yearned to behold. I had, somehow, got a fancy that in Paris I should find her; and in Paris I searched with unflagging energy,

early and late, for three long, dreary weeks. At last, when I thought I was known in every street and alley, and knew every face I met, off by heart, the hopeful spirit fell away within me, and I gave up the struggle in despair.

Very sorrowful I was, Tom, walking along the streets on Christmas eve. Coming to my hotel just at twilight, I saw the bright glow of a fire shining cheerily in one of the windows of a large old-fashioned house quite close to my habitation.

Trees surrounded this old house, and gave it an appearance of retirement, though the window of which I speak looked out upon the road. I wonder what it was that impelled me to cross over and read upon a brass plate by the lamp-light an announcement that this was an establishment for the education of "Jennies demoiselles?" I wonder what it was that impelled me afterwards to look in at that window, and see Peg sitting at the fire in a cozy little room all alone? She was staring very thoughtfully at the flames, as if looking at past Christmas eves between the bars. Of course Peg was a teacher in this school, and I had walked up and down before her door every miserable day for the past three weeks. Of course I knocked at the door, and startled her reveries by introducing myself. Ay, there she was, indeed, my very own little Peg, only paler and thinner, and sadder and sweeter looking.

You may imagine the rest, O Tom! knowing as you do that little Peg is Mrs. Humphrey. I did not deserve it, but I was forgiven.

Giles Humphrey, you know, is dead, and his wife still contrives to live in splendor. She shuns us and we shun her. When, dear Tom, shall we see you at Ballyhuckmore again?

A Letter to Bill Arp.

Pomeroy, of the La Crosse (Wisconsin) Democrat, has addressed the following letter to Bill Arp, down in Georgia:

Bill, there never was so ungrateful a people as you Southern gentlemen are, and now after all has been done for you, to see letters written by you so full of insinuations, is too much.

The fault of all this lies with you. Weren't you folks most dogoned wicked before the war? Honest Indian, now, Bill! Didn't you get proud, and is not pride a sin? And didn't you own negroes down there, and larp them continually to raise cotton for New England nabobs to spin—sugar to put in our coffee, rice to eat in our puddings, and tobacco to chew and squirt over meeting-house floors? And didn't you have better houses, better clothes and better horses, finer grounds, better furniture and more land than we had?

We are all Christians in the North. We felt that all these fine things were dragging your souls down to hell. We didn't want you to rest in brimstone, being in torment, so we tried to corral you in Abraham's bosom. Abraham was a great and good man, who died some time since, as we read of somewhere.

And then, Bill, you kept your niggers too fat; our factory operatives grew jealous. And our girls went down there to teach your girls something, and fell in love with your boys, and forgot to come home. We felt that you were wicked. We didn't want you to go to hell. All the fine things you had were leading you away from salvation, so we went and sent Butler, and Curtis, and Banks, and Washburn, and Steele, and Hovey, and Prentice, and Hurlbut, and several of the elect of our Christian Churches down there to win you out of the jaws of hell by withdrawing your fine furniture, such as pianos, books, pictures, rosewood bedsteads, marble tables, silver ware, horses, cotton and all such plunder to a place of safety.

You were wrong to engage in war—very wrong to do that thing. New England alone could conquer you. Why, Bill, if you had a billion of million of dollars, and enough nice furniture to furnish all of the houses in the country, New England could steal it in four years; and if New England Abolitionists could not, the Kansas saints and Western children of Christian Abolitionists could.

Hav'n't we prayed for you in nearly all our churches? And hav'n't we told you better? You wanted to get out of the Union! Ah, Bill, States once in can never get out! This is what we always told you. All these friends of the great martyr told you so. We wanted to keep you in. We fought you at Antietam, Pea Ridge, Gettysburg, Shiloh, Mobile, Fort Donelson, and the devil only knows where, to keep you in the Union. And then we sent Christian missionaries down there, Bill, to rescue your valuables and remove them North for safety, you know? And we burnt down your houses, and we took what food your wives and children had, and we sent your cotton to market for you, you know, Bill! And we sent 3,000,000 of men to war to keep you durned fellers in this happy Union.

God only knows how many of you folks we killed, for one Northern man was always good for five Southern men, to say nothing of mules, niggers and keepsakes. And, Bill, we have stepped into some little debt on your account. You see, Bill, cotton was too cheap. Tobacco was too cheap. Rice was too cheap. Sugar was too cheap. Gold and silver were too cheap. Happiness was too cheap. Our national debt was too

small. It was costing you too much to keep that negro boarding-home of yours, so we remedied that by killing your negroes or giving them the benefit of liberty, rags, old bones and Abolitionism. And we made your cotton more valuable. And, Bill, we enhanced the price of everything for you, and made a demand for carpenters and house-builders down there.

Didn't Curtis save your cotton? Didn't Butler save your gold and protect your women? And didn't Banks save the Red River property? And didn't 218 of our generals get as rich as mud from finding things your folks had lost? And is not there houseful after houseful of keepsakes up North, picked up in the woods and wood-piles by our army chaplains and our moral boys, while you were trying to kill those of our folks who wanted to visit you and keep your souls from hell?

Bill, you are ungrateful. And then didn't we keep this war up till the States were all back in the Union? And didn't we go to war and keep your dogoned States from going out of the Union? And didn't you want to get out of the Union? And didn't we act magnanimous and, soon as the war was over, write in saying you were out of the Union? Really, Bill, it seems as if you had it all your own way! This war had proved a success. A brilliant success. We were bound to push it through in ninety days, and we should but for your stubbornness. All we wanted was your niggers, your cotton, mules, furniture, silver ware, and such old tricks, which you folks could buy better than we could, for you had more money! It was wrong to keep slaves, Bill, but it was not wrong to steal. This war was to preserve the Union. Everybody said so. The Union has been preserved—so much for us. Now, brethren, let us pray!

Your States are kept out of the Union, which is still preserved! You wanted reconstruction. We'll reconstruct you! Your folks are very wicked, Bill. God punishes wickedness. God's agents live in the North exclusively, Bill! And we'll let you back in the Union, which has been preserved, when we get ready. First, you must hunt up the balance of your property and give it to some of our great and good agents or generals. Then you must move out of your houses, that is, what are left, and let the niggers in. And you must give the niggers your plantations. And, Bill, you must give them all your property, and then support the innocent cause of the late war by manual labor. And you must let the niggers vote, for they are wanted for Republican Congressmen, Senators and such. And you must ignore your personal and war debts, and not pay them upon the basis of honor. And you must help us pay for licking you. And, ere you do this, you must have all your property taken from you, so it will be easy. We are a just and magnanimous people in the North! We are liberal and brotherly. We want peace and harmony!

THE ITALIAN MARSAILLASE. — The following is a literal translation of the famous Italian war hymn just composed in Italy by M. Brofferio, at the request of the Minister of War, and sung on every popular occasion in Italy:

"Let the bright flash of the sword awake the throne and the people, Italians! to the battle-field! Your mother country calls you! Form your battalions to the roar of the cannon, helmet on head, and steel in hand. Long live the King of the Alps to the sea; of the Po to the Tisno; of the soil of Sicily to the land of Tuscany! Arise, oh Latin people! Arise and conquer! It is God who wills it."

From Charleston.

NEW IRISH POTATOES. For sale by JOHN C. SEEGERS & CO.

June 3

Shoulders and Hams.

2 HDS. SHOULDERS.
1 THREE STAR CURED HAM.
June 3 JOHN C. SEEGERS & CO.

NEW GOODS.

WE have, this day, received an addition to our stock of OILS, comprising: Opal, Tallow, Engine, Mica, Raw and Boiled Linseed, Tanners', Kerosene, Train, &c.

Paints, dry and in oil, such as Chrome and Paris Green, Yellow Ochre, Chrome Yellow, Spanish Brown, Venetian Red, Indian Red, White and Red Lead, Raw and Burnt Turkey Umber, Raw and Burnt Sienna, &c., &c.

Also,
Varnishes of all kinds,
Coach Hardware, viz: Hubs, Spokes, Felloes, Shafts, Enamelled cloth, &c., at reasonable prices.

June 20 FISHER & LOWRANCE.

50 BARRELS FLOUR AT COST!

SUGAR-HOUSE SYRUP.
HAMS AND LARD.

In Store and for Sale LOW by
FISHER & LOWRANCE.

June 7

Wanted,
A LIMITED amount of GOLD and SILVER.
FISHER & LOWRANCE.

Old Newspapers for Sale,
By the hundred or thousand, at
March 2 PHOENIX OFFICE.

June 7

TRI-WEEKLY HACK LINE

Between Laurens and Newberry.
ON and after MONDAY, the 18th instant, the HACK LINE will connect with the up train on the Greenville and Columbia Railroad on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS; with the down train on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and FRIDAYS.

Thus passengers can be carried through from Columbia to Laurens in ONE DAY, arriving at Laurens by 9 o'clock the same day they leave Columbia. Passengers can leave Laurens at 5 o'clock a. m. and arrive at Columbia same day at 7 o'clock.

Every comfort is afforded passengers which could be expected on a stage line.

T. B. CREWS,
Laurens, June 16, 1866. June 20

GREAT THROUGH ROUTE NORTH!

Being 75 Miles Shorter than any other!

Via Richmond and Danville Railroad, from Greensboro, N. C. via Danville and Richmond, Va. to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

THE traveling public are informed that this line is now fully open, by the completion of the Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad between Columbia and Charlotte.

THROUGH TICKETS can be purchased at the Ticket Office of the Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad, at Columbia. THOMAS DODAMEAD, Sup't Richmond and Danville Railroad, June 21

Notice to Shippers.

THE Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad are prepared to give through receipts to New York, via Portsmouth, on cotton, at six dollars per bale. This rate includes all charges to the point of destination. JAMES ANDERSON, Superintendent, June 14

NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.

CHANGE OF TIME!

ON and after SUNDAY, June 10, 1866, trains will run as follows:

Leave Charlotte at 11.15 p. m. and 4.30 a. m.

The 11.15 p. m. train makes quick connections with trains for the North at Raleigh, and is the

QUICKEST AND MOST COMFORTABLE ROUTE TO ALL POINTS NORTH AND WEST FROM COLUMBIA!!

THROUGH TICKETS can be had at Charlotte to all the Northern cities.

June 9 Engineer and Super't.

Through Freight Arrangements

From Columbia, via Charleston, To New York.

SOUTH CAROLINA R. R. COMPANY, COLUMBIA, June 7, 1866.

Cotton at \$6 per Bale, delivered in New York.

THE South Carolina Railroad Company and New York Steamers have arranged a THROUGH TARIFF on COTTON, which operates all necessary delay and expense. Shippers may consign to either Willis & Clinch or Ravenel & Co., agents New York Steamers at Charleston.

THE LOCAL TARIFF

From Columbia to Charleston will be \$3 per bale. H. T. PEAKE, General Superintendent.

June 8

Greenville and Columbia Railroad.

GEN'L SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, COLUMBIA, May 26, 1866.

ON and after MONDAY next, 28th inst., the Passenger Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) until further notice, as follows:

Leave Columbia at 7.00 a. m.

" Alston at 9.45 "

" Newberry at 11.35 "

Arrive at Abbeville at 4.50 p. m.

" at Anderson at 7.10 "

" at Greenville at 8.40 "

Leave Greenville at 5.55 a. m.

" Anderson at 6.55 "

" Abbeville at 9.20 "

" Newberry at 2.15 p. m.

Arrive at Alston at 4.25 "

" at Columbia at 7.10 "

The road having been repaired to Alston, passengers and freight will be transferred across the river until the bridge is completed.

The expense of passage and freight, by the discontinuance of the stage wagon and boat lines, will be largely reduced.

May 27 General Superintendent.

General Superintendent's Office,

CHARLOTTE & S. C. RAILROAD, COLUMBIA, S. C., June 1, 1866.

ON and after SUNDAY next, 3d inst., a THROUGH PASSENGER TRAIN will be run over this road as follows:

Leave Columbia at 1.15 p. m.

Arrive at Charlotte at 11.15 "

Leave Charlotte at 12.15 "

Arrive at Columbia at 7.15 a. m.

June 1 JAS. ANDERSON, Sup't.

Schedule over South Carolina R. R. GENERAL SUP'T'S OFFICE, COLUMBIA, May 31, 1866.

ON and after SUNDAY next, 3d inst., the Passenger Trains will leave and arrive as follows, viz:

Leave Columbia at 6.30 a. m.

Arrive in Charleston at 4.00 p. m.

Leave Charleston at 7.30 a. m.

Arrive in Columbia at 4.40 p. m.

June 2 HENRY T. PEAKE, General Superintendent.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the co-partnership lately subsisting between JOHN C. DIAL and FRANCIS M. POPE, under the firm of DIAL & POPE, was this day dissolved by mutual consent. JOHN C. DIAL is authorized to settle all debts due to and by the late firm.

May 1, 1866. JOHN C. DIAL, F. M. POPE.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of this city and vicinity that he will continue the general HARDWARE BUSINESS in his own name and on his own account, and hopes to merit and receive a full share of public patronage.

May 4 JOHN C. DIAL.

New York Advertisements.

An Old Song Set to a New Tune.

1866.

"As Spring approaches, Ants and Roaches From their holes come out; And Mice and Rats, In spite of cats, Gaily skip about."



"Costar's" Rat, Roach, &c., Exter's.

Is a paste—used for Rats, Mice, Roaches, Black and Red Ants, &c., &c.

"Costar's" Bed-bug Exterminator

Is a liquid or wash—used to destroy, and also as a preventive for Bed-bugs, &c.

"Costar's" Electric Powder for In'sts

Is for Moths, Mosquitoes, Fleas, Bed-bugs, Insects on Plants, Fowls, Animals, &c.

!!! BEWARE!!! of all worthless imitations.

See that "COSTAR'S" name is on each Box, Bottle and Flask, before you buy.

Address HENRY R. COSTAR, 482 Broadway, N. Y.

Sold in Columbia, S. C., by All Druggists and Retailers.

1866.

INCREASE OF RATS.—The Farmer's Gazette (English) asserts and proves by figures that one pair of RATS will have a progeny and descendants no less than 651,050 in three years. Now, unless this immense family can be kept down, they would consume more food than would sustain 65,000 human beings.

See "COSTAR'S" advertisement above.

1866.

RATS VERSUS BIRDS.—Whoever engages in shooting small birds is a cruel man; whoever aids in exterminating rats is a benefactor. We should like some one to give us the benefit of their experience in driving out these pests. We need something besides dogs, cats and traps for this business. —Scientific American, N. Y.

See "COSTAR'S" advertisement above.

1866.

"COSTAR'S" RAT EXTERMINATOR is simple, safe and sure—the most perfect RAT-killer meeting we have ever attended. Every rat that can get it, properly prepared, will eat it, and every one that eats it will die, generally at some place as distant as possible from where it was taken. —Lake Shore (Mich.) Mirror.

See "COSTAR'S" advertisement above.

1866.

A VOICE FROM THE FAR WEST.—Speaking of "COSTAR'S